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WHILE WE MAY.

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out,
With trifles scarcely thought about,
So many times; they do
So many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips,
That speak to us. Pray if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes
We may pass by, for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Nor turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find,
We see them! for not blind
Is Love. We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways—mistaken, or even less,
Remembrances to bless,
Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light,
We may be patient for we know
There's such a little way to go.

—Independent.

DIARY OF THE SECRETARY.

Saturday, November 15. At noon to-day I attended the funeral of Rev. Henry M. Dexter, D. D., who in a sense was at the head of the numerous activities centring in the Congregational House. I had known him as a preacher and editor since 1860, and personally for some fifteen years. Our childhood's prayer seemed to be answered in his case:

"And if I die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take,"

for he fell asleep in apparently good health and was found dead in the morning in his New Bedford home, his face resting upon his hand as if still sleeping the sleep of the just.

The funeral services were exceedingly sweet and comforting; the remarks and prayers of his associates in the office of *The Congregationalist* were tender, appreciative and appropriate. The two most remarkable testimonies to his character seemed to me to be (1) No printer ever waited for his "copy." (2) He never showed signs of fretfulness or irritability. Of how many editors could that be truly said? I was impressed also with the fact that Dr. Dexter at forty was a progressive and was even

called a radical, swallowing up the old conservative *Recorder* in his new religious paper. Dr. Dexter, when he passed away at the age of 69, was counted a conservative, whose chief desire was to preserve that which he believed to be sound in doctrine and polity to the circle of churches, of which he was for a quarter of a century an acknowledged leader. Notwithstanding early differences with Secretary Beckwith, his high appreciation of Secretary Miles, and sincere admiration for Henry Richard favorably disposed Dr. Dexter towards the leaders of the peace movement, but he, like most of his brethren of the religious press, carefully abstained from any marked editorial commendation of the Peace movement and its publications as now conducted. He evidently did not trouble his mind with it. He was fond of historical research, controversial writing, practical religious effort and personal friends. He was one of the leaders in the Andover controversy, but seemed to have tired of some of the complications—like that with the American Board—which grew out of it. He was not a believer in the extreme theories or measures of radical temperance men. He distrusted professions of holiness and had little confidence in "new departures" in doctrine, and those who advocated them. All testimonies unite to prove his amiability of character and the uniform sweetness of his disposition. His helpful words and strengthening counsels, and especially his faithful and unchanging friendships were much dwelt upon by his associates.

Did ever "While Thee I seek protecting Power," or "Jerusalem the golden" sound so sweetly as to-day when our hearts were melted together by a common tenderness,—the intertwining melody floating out to us over the quiet sleeper for whom a place had been reserved and awarded in the New Jerusalem.

Monday, November 17. Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D., the pastor of the Universalist Church now on Columbus Avenue, and the oldest pastor in continuous service in Boston, delivered a vigorous and inspiring address on the Pan-American Congress before the Boston Congregational ministers in Pilgrim Hall. He dwelt chiefly upon three points:

1. The commercial advantages consequent on the International Bank and Railroad proposed.

2. The reciprocity in trade commended by that Congress and also by the United States Congress at the suggestion of Secretary Blaine.

3. The consequences of these propositions and that for a universal arbitral treaty on this continent as affecting the peace of America and the world.

The speaker alluded to his official visit to Paris last year as delegate to the Universal Peace Congress, recalled the remarkable appeal of a British workingman to America to lead the world in the path of peace, and reiterated the proposition which excited so much interest in the Congress, namely, that only persons of income competent to the support of their families be subject to conscription, so that the well-to-do might share their part in the burdens of war.

The address was logical, dignified and eloquent and left a marked impression on many minds which had been more thoughtful on other subjects than that of Peace and War.

Friday, November 21. The cool, bracing air and chastened sunlight of this unprecedented November found me to-day going some eighty miles west of Boston to Athol, Baldwinsville and Templeton on the Fitchburg Railroad.